

THE
Tea-Table
MISCELLANY.

*Behold, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air;
And, with her own Breath, fans the Fire
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire:
What Reason can that Love coneroul;
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?*

E. Waller



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F

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I

K

T

It



T O

*Ilka lovely British Lass,
Frae Ladys Charlote, Anne, and
Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,
Wha dances barefoot on the Green;*

DEAR LASSES,

*Your most humble Slave,
Wha ne'er to serve ye shall decline;
Kneeling wad your Acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' Propine.*

*THE N take it kindly to your Care,
Revive it with your tunefu' Notes:
Its Beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising safely through your Throats.*

iv DEDICATION.

THE Wanton wee Thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling E'e,
The Spinnet tinkling with her Voice,
It lying on her lovely Knee.

WHILE Kettles dringe on Ingles dure,
Or Clashes stays the lazy Lafs,
Thir Sangs may ward you frae the sour,
And gayly vacant Minutes pass.

E'EN while the Tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender Tongue,
Treat a' the circling Lugs wi' Sound,
Syne safely sip when ye have sung.

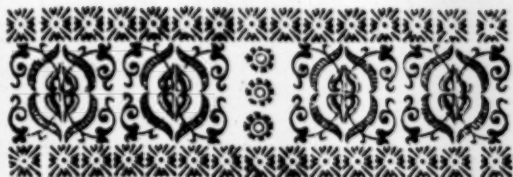
MAY Happiness bad up your Hearts,
And warm ye lang with loving Fires,
May Powers propitious play their Parts
In matching you to your Desires.

Edint. January

1. 1724.

A. RAMSAY.

Bonny



Bony Christy.

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer
 green ?
 Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry;
 Painting and Order please our Een,
 And Claret makes us merry :
 But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
 And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their Charms and weaker Powers,
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.



WHEN wandring o'er the flowry Park,
 No nat'ral Beauty wanting ;
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,
 And Birds in Consort chanting :

A

But

But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,
 I'm rap't in Admiration,
 My Thoughts with Extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale Creation.



WHEN e'er she smiles a kindly Glance,
 I take the happy Omen,
 And aften mint to make Advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman:
 But dubious of my ain Desert,
 Me Sentiments I smother
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,
 For Fear she love another.



THUS sang blate *Edie* by a Burn,
 His *Christy* did o'erhear him,
 She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her Favour with a Look,
 Which left nae Room to doubt her,
 He wisely this white Minute took,
 And flang his Arms about her.



My *Christy* ! ---- witness, bony Stream,
 Sic Joys frae Tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a Dream;
 O Love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for Tauk,
 This Point of a' his Wishes,
 He wadna with set Speeches bauk,
 But wair'd it a' on Kisses.



The Bush aboon Traquhair.



H E A R me, ye Nymphs, and every
 Swain,

I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas, she ne'er believes me.

A 2

My

My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 At the bony Bush aboon *Traquair*,
 'Twas there I first did love her.



THAT Day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder,
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
 In Words that I thought tender,
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.



YET now she scornful flies the Plain,
 The Fields we then frequented,
 If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bony Bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her Frowns make it decay,
 It fades, as in *December*.

(5)

YE rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
Why thus should *Peggy* grieve ?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Despair,
My Passion no more tender ;
I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

C.



An O D E

*To the Tune of Polwarth on
the Green.*

THO Beauty, like the Rose
That smiles on *Polwarth Green*,
In various Colours shows,
As 'tis by Fancy seen :

A 3

Yet

Yet all its different Glories ly
 United in thy Face,
 And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
 Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

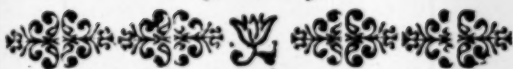


So charming is her Air,
 So smooth, so calm her Mind,
 That to some Angel's Care
 Each Motion seems assign'd:
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful Moments fly,
 As if for Wings they stole the Ray
 She darteth from her Eye.



Kind am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful Voice she sings,
 Perfume her Breath and smile,
 And wave their balmy Wings:
 But as the tender Blushes rise,
 Soft Innocence doth warm,
 The Soul in blissful Extasies
 Dissolveth in the Charm.

D.
 TWEED.



Tweed-Side .

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* disclose ?
How sweet are her Smiles upon
Tweed ?

Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those,
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
Nor Daisie, nor sweet blushing Rose,
Not all the gay Flowers of the Field,
Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.



THE Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnæa, the Lark and the Thrush,
The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,
With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.

Come let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us see how the Primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some Village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd Folks sing.

H o w

D.
ED-



How does my love pass the long Day?

Does *Mary* not 'tend a few Sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lyes asleep?

Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest,

Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,

To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.



'Tis she does the Virgins excell,

No Beauty with her may compare,

Love's Graces all round her do dwell,

She's fairest, where Thousands are fair.

Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?

Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;

Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,

Or the pleasanter Banks of the *Tweed*.

C





SONG.

To the Tune of, *Wo's my Heart that we
should sunder.*

I S Hamilla then my own,
O the Dear, the charming Treasure!
Fortune now in vain shall frown,
All my future Life is Pleasure.



SEE how rich with youthful Grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature;
Smiling Heaven is in her Face,
All is gay, and all is Nature.



SEE what mingling Charms arise,
Rosy Smiles and kindling Blushes;
Love sits laughing in her Eyes,
And betrays her secret Wishes.

HASTE



HASTE then from th' *Idalian* Grove,
 Infant Smiles, and Sports, and Graces,
 Spread the downy Couch for Love,
 And lull us in your sweet Embraces.



SOFTEST Raptures, pure from Noise,
 This fair happy Night surroud us,
 While a Thousand spritly Joys
 Silent flutter all around us.



THUS unsowr'd with Care or Strife,
 Heaven still guard this dearest Blessing,
 While we tread the Path of Life,
 Loving still, and still possessing,

S.



A



A
S O N G.



L E T's be jovial, fill our Glasse,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the World is rul'd by Asses,
And the Wise are sway'd by Chink,
Fal la ra, &c.



T H E N never let vain Cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a Snare,
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Crasus*,
While our Bottle drowns our Care.
Fa la ra, &c.

W I N E



WINE will make us red as Roses,
 And our Sorrows quite forget,
 Come let us fuddle all our Noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of Debt.
Fa la ra, &c.



WHEN grim Death comes looking for us,
 We are topping at our Bowls,
Bachus joining in the *Chorus*;
 Death, begone, here's none but Souls.
Fa la ra, &c.



GODLIKE *Bachus* thus commanding,
 Trembling Death away shall fly,
 Ever after understanding
 Drinking Souls can never dy.
Fa la ra, &c.

X.





Muirland Willie.

us, **H**ARKEN and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,
 Tho he cou'd neither say nor do;
 The Truth I tell to you.

uls. But ay he cries, What e'er betide,
 Maggy I'll ha'e her to be my Bride,
 With a *fal, dal, &c.*

ON his Gray Yod as he did ride,
 With Durk and Pistol by his Side,
 He prick'd her on wi' mikle Pride,
 Wi' mikle Mirth and Glee.

X. Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,
 Till he came to her Dady's Door,
 With a *fal dal, &c.*

B

GOOD

GOODMAN, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din,

What Answer gi' ye me?

Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light
down,

I'fe gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, Woer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what Town?

I think my Doghter winna gloom

On sick a Lad as ye.

The Woer he step'd up the House,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, &c.

I have three Owfen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'n Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;

I scorn to tell a Lie:

Besides, I had frae the great Laird,
A Peat-Par and a Lang-kail Yard,
With a fal, &c.

THE

THE Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the Town;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.

The Lover he stended up in Haste,
 And gript her hard about the Waste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear,
 And for my sell ye need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,
 He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou'.
With a fal, &c.

THE Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,
 She had na Will to say him na,
 But to her Dady she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree.

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,
 Syne ran to her Dady and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

YOUR Doghter wad na say me na,
 But to your sell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa,
 Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
 Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e nae meikle,
 But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free,
 Troth I dow do na mair.
 Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

THE Bridal Day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lads;
 But sicken a Day there never was,
 Sic Mirth was never seen.
 This winsom Couple straked Hands,
 Mefs John ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fal, &c.

AND

AND our Bride's Maidens were na few,
 Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots a' in blew,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
 And blinked bonnilie.

Their Toys and Mutchies were sae clean,
 They glanced in our Ladses Een,
With a fal, &c.

SICK Hirdum, Dirdum, and sick Din,
 Wi' he o'er her and she o'er him,
 The Minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.

And ay they bobit and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

Z.





The promis'd Joy.

To the Tune of *Carle and the King come.*

W*Hen we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loss result in Gain, Phely.*

*LONG the Sport of Fortune driv'n,
To Despair our Thoughts were giv'n,
But when Hell is turn'd to Heav'n,
Our Odds will all be ev'n, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

*NOW in dreary distant Groves,
Tho we moan like Turtle-Doves,
Suffering best our Virtue proves,
And will enhance our Loves, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.*

Joy

Joy will come in a Surprise,
 Till its happy Hour arise,
 Temper well your love-sick Sighs,
 For Hope becomes the Wise, *Phely,*
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loss result in Gain, Phely.

M.



To *DELIA* on her drawing
 him to her *Valantine*.

To the Tune of *Black Ey'd Susan*.

YE Powers! was *Damon* then so blest
 To fall to charming *Delia's* Share,
Delia, the beauteous Maid, possest
 Of all that's soft and all that's fair?
 Here cease thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
 I ask no more, for all my Wish is given.

J



I came, and *Delia* smiling show'd;
 She smild and showd the happy Name;
 With rising Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
 I felt and blest the new born Flame.
 May softest Pleasures ceaseless round her
 move,
 May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be
 Love.



SHE drew the Treasure from her Breast,
 That Breast where Love and Graces play,
 O Name beyond Expression blest!
 Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
 To be so lodg'd! the Thought is Extasy,
 Who would not wish in Paradise to ly?

R.



The

*The faithful Shepherd.*To the Tune of *Auld lang syne.*

W H E N Flow'ry Meadows deck the
Year,

And sporting Lambkins play,
When spangl'd Fields renew'd appear, |
And Musick wak'd the Day;
Then did my *Chloe* leave her Bower,
To hear my am'rous Lay,
Warm'd by my Love, she vow'd no Power
Shou'd lead her Heart astray.



T H E warbling Quires from ev'ry Bough
Surround our Couch in Throngs,
And all their tuneful Art bestow,
To give us Change of Songs;
Scenes of Delight my Soul possess'd,
I bless'd, then hug'd my Maid;
I rob'd the Kisses from her Breast,
Sweet as a Noon-day's Shade.

Joy

Joy so transporting never fails
 To fly away as Air,
 Another Swain with her prevails,
 To be as false as fair.
 What can my fatal Passion cure?
 I'll never woo again,
 All her Disdain I must endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

O.

WHAT Pity 'tis to hear the Boy
 Thus sighing with his Pain;
 But Time and Scorn may give him Joy
 To hear her sigh again.
 Ah! fickle *Cloe*, be advis'd,
 Do not thy self beguile,
 A faithful Lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a Smile.



To

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DEAR
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 Nor

To Mrs. S. H. on her taking
something ill I said.

To the Tune of *Hallow E'en.*

W H Y hangs that Cloud upon thy
Brow?

That beauteous Heav'n ere while serene;
Whence do these Storms and Tempests flow,
Or what this Gust of Passion mean.

And must then Mankind lose that Light,
Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine,
And ly obscur'd in endless Night,
For each poor silly Speech of myne?



DEAR Child how can I wrong thy Name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
Thy Beauty can make large amends.
Or if I durst profanely try,
Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid,
Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.

FOR



FOR *Venus* every Heart t' enſnare,
 With all her Charms has deckt thy Face,
 And *Pallas* with unuſual Care,
 Bids Wiſdom heighten every Grace.
 Who can the double Pain endure?
 Or who muſt not reſign the Field
 To thee, Celeſtial Maid, ſecure
 With *Cupid's* Bow and *Pallas'* Sheild?



IF then to thee ſuch Power is giv'n,
 Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
 But ſmile and learn to copy Heav'n,
 Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
 But even itſelf appeas'd beſtows
 As the Reward of Penitence.

H.





ace,

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

1?

n,

HOW blyth ilk Morn was I to see
The Swain come o'er the Hill?
He skipt the Burn, and flew to me;

I met him with good Will.

O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,

The Broom of Cowdenknows;

I wish I were with my dear Swain,

With his Pipe and my Ews.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,'

While his Flock near me lay;

He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,

And chear'd me a' the Day.

O the Broom, &c.

HE run'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,

The Burds stood listning by;

Even-the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,

Charm'd with his Melody.

O the Broom, &c.

C

WHILE

WHILE thus we spent our Time by Turns,

Betwixt our Flocks and Play;

I envy'd not the fairest Dame,

Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.

O the Broom, &c.

HARD Fate that I shou'd banish'd be,

Gang heavily and mourn,

Because I lov'd the kindest Swain

That ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

HE did oblige me ev'ry Hour,

Cou'd I but faithfu' be?

He staw my Heart, cou'd I refuse

What e'er he ask'd of me?

O the Broom, &c.

MY Doggie and my little Kit

That held my wee Soup Whey,

My Plaidy, Broach and crooked Stick,

May now ly uselefs by.

O the Broom, &c.

ADIEU

Turns ADIEU, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewél a' Pleasures there,
 Ye Göds restore to me my Swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
 O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
 The Broom of Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were with my dear Swain,
 With his Pipe and my Ews.

S. R.



TO CHLOE.

To the Tune of, *I wish my Love were in
 a Mire.*



O Lovely Maid! How dear's thy Pow'r
 At once I love, at once adore;
 With Wonder are my Thoughts possess'd,
 While softest Love inspires my Breast.

C 2

This

This tender Look, these Eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous Master thine;
 These Eyes with *Strephon's* Passion play,
 First make me love and then betray,



YES, charming Victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
 Was never in another's Pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by Love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
 Thou can't give Bliss, or Bliss destroy;
 And thus I've bound myself to love,
 While Bliss or Misery can move.



O should I ne'er possess thy Charms,
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms,
 Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
 But like some discontented Shade,
 That wanders where its Body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare,
 For ever exil'd from my Fair.

*Upon hearing his Picture
was in CHLOE's Breast.*

To the Tune of *The Fourteen of October.*

YE Gods! was *Strephon's* Picture blest
With the fair Heaven of *Chloe's* Breast?
Move softer, thou fond fluttering Heart,
Oh gently throb, ----- too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind,
For *Strephon* was the Bliss design'd?
For *Strephon's* Sake, dear charming Maid,
Didst thou prefer his wond'ring Shade?



AND thou blest Shade, that sweetly art.
Lodg'd so near my *Chloe's* Heart,
For me the tender Hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful Thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched Master's ardent Pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,
That *Chloe*, lavish Maid, has given.



I cannot blame thee ; were I Lord
 Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford ;
 I'd be a Miser too, nor give
 An Alms to keep a God alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
 On these cold Looks, that lifeless Air,
 Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
 With eager Love and soft Desire.



'Tis true thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
 To Life can bring the silent Shade ;
 Thou can'st surpass the Painter's Art,
 And real Warmth and Flames impart,
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd and lov'd but thee :
 Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
 Say thou canst love and make me blest.



Song

Song for a Serenade.

To the Tune of *The Broom of Cowden* knows.

T EACH me, *Chloe*, how to prove;
My boasted Flame sincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my Care.

SLEEP in vain displays her Charms;
To bribe my Soul to Rest,
Vainly spreads her Silken Arms,
And courts me to her Breast.

WHERE can *Strephon* find Repose,
If *Chloe* is not there?
For ah! no Peace his Bosom knows,
When absent from the Fair.

WHAT tho' *Phebus* from on High
With-holds his chearful Ray;
Thine Eyes can well his Light supply,
And give me more than Day.

L.
Love

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oftimes heard her say,
 Tell *Strephon*, I dy, if he passes this Way,
And that Love is the Cause of my mourning.
 False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
 You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold Heart never warms;
 Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me dy in his Arms,
Oh Strephon the Cause of my mourning.
 But first, said she, let me go
 Down to the Shades below,
 E'er ye let *Strephon* know,
 That I have lov'd him so;
 Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show
That Love was the Cause of my mourning.
 HES

HER Eyes were scarce closed when,
Strephon came by,

He thought she'd been sleeping, and soft-
 ly drew nigh;

But finding her breathless, Oh Heavens,
 did he cry,

Ah Chloris the Cause of my mourning.

Restore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs use
 your Art,

They sighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourself
 shot the Dart

That wounded the tender young Shep-
 herdess Heart,

And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,

Wounded by me! He said,
 I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,

Down to the silent Shade:

Then on her cold Snowy Breast leaning
 his Head,

Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

X.

To

*To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her
at a Consort..*

To the Tune of *The bonniest Lass in
a'-the World.*

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly Charmer,
See how with all their Arts and Wiles
The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A Blush dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures,
There Love in smiling Language speaks,
There spreads his Rosy Treasures.



O fairest Maid, I own thy Pow'r,
I gaze, I sigh and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my Anguish.
But ease, O Charmer, ease my Care,
And let my Torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the Fair,
So I the dearest love thee.



The bonny SCOT.

To the Tune of *The Boat-man.*

Y E Gales that gently wave the Sea,
 And please the canny Boat-man,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny *Scot*----Man.
 In haly Bands
 We join'd our Hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While Parents rate
 A large Estate,
 Before a faithfu' Lover.



BUT I loor chuse in *Highland Glens*
 To herd the Kid and Goat----Man,
 'Er I cou'd for sic little Ends
 Refuse my bonny *Scot*----Man.

Wag

Wae worth the Man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous Fashion,
 Frae greedy Views
 Love's Art to use,
 While Strangers to its Passion.



FRAE foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
 Hasten to thy longing Lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.
 Love gies the Word,
 Then hasten on Board,
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder Shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot---Man.





Scornfu' Nanfy.

To it's own Tune.

NANSY's to the *Green Wood* gane,
 To hear the *Gowd'spink* chattring,
 And *Willie* he has followed her,
 To gain her Love by flat'ring :
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him,
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bad him mind wha gat him.



WHAT ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
 My Minny or my Aunty,
 With Crowdy Mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-Kail and Ranty Taunty :
 With Bannocks of good Barly Meal,
 Of thae there was right Plenty,
 With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well,
 And was not that right dainty.

D

ALTHO'

ALTHO my Father was nae Laird,
 'Tis Daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
 A Ha' House and a Pantrie :
 A good blew Bonnet on his Head,
 An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy,
 And ay untill the Day he died,
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.



Now Wae and Wander on your Snout,
 Wad ye hae bony Nanfy,
 Wad ye campare ye'r sell to me,
 A Docken till a Tansie ?
 I have a Wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And well I wat his bony Mou
 Is sweet like Sugar-Candy.



Wow Nanfy, What needs a' this Din ?
 Do I not ken this Sandy ?
 I'm sure the Chief of a' his Kin
 Was Rab the Beggar Randy :

His Minny *Meg* upo' her Back

Bare baith him and his Billy;

Will ye compare a nasty Pack

To me your winsome *Willie* ?



Mr Gutchie left a good braid Sword,

Tho it be auld and rusty,

Yet ye may tak it on my Word,

It is baith stout and trusty ;

And if I can but get it drawn,

Which will be right uneasy,

I shall lay baith my Lugs in Pawn,

That he shall get a Heezy,



THEN *Nansy* turn'd her round about,

And said, did *Sandy* hear ye,

Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,

I ken he disna fear ye :

Sae had ye'r Tonge and say nae mair,

Set somewhere else your Fancy ;

For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore

Ye never shall get *Nansy*.

Z'

D 2

Slighted

Ho



Slighted Nanfy.

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have seven braw new Gowns,
And ither seven better to mak,

And yet for a' my new Gowns

My Wooer has turn'd his Back.

Besides I have seven Milk Ky,

And Sandy he has but three ;

And yet for a' my good Ky,

The Ladie winna ha'e me.



My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,

My Mither can card and spin,

And I am a fine fodge! Lass,

And the Siller comes linkin in :

The Siller comes linkin in,

And it is fou fair to see,

And fifty Times wow ! O wow !

What ails the Lads at me ?

W H E A

When ever our Bury does bark,
Then fast to the Door I rin;
To see gin ony young Spark
Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
Tho mony a ane gaes by,
Synce far ben the House I rin;
And a weary Wight am I.



When I was at my first Pray'rs,
I pray'd but anes i' the Year,
I wish'd for a handsome young Lad,
And a Lad with muckle Gear.
When I was at my neist Pray'rs,
I pray'd but now and than,
I fash'd na my Head about Gear,
If I get a handsome young Man.



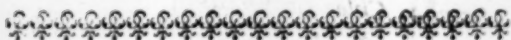
Now when I'm at my last Pray'rs,
I pray on baith Night and Day,
And O ! If a Beggar wad come,
With that same Beggar I'd gae.

And O, And what'll come o' me?

And O, What'll I do?

That sic a braw Lassie as I

Shou'd die for a Wooer I true!




Lucky Nanfy

To the Tune of, *Dainty Davy*.

WHILE Fops in fast *Italian* Verse,
 Ilk fair ane's Een and Breast rehearse,
 While Sangs abound and Scene is scarce,
 These Lines I have indited:
 But neither Darts nor Arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* shall appear,
 And yet with these fine Sounds I swear,
 The Maidens are delited.


*I was ay telling you,
 Lucky Nanfy, Lucky Nanfy,
 Auld Springs wad ding the New,
 But ye wad never trow me.*

NOR

from 'o  ll'ally br.

NOR Snaw with Crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my Lassie's Checks,
And syne th' unmeaning Name prefix,
Mirinda, Chloe or Phillis :
I'll fetch nae Simile frae Jove,
My Height of Extasy to prove,
Nor sighing, --- thus --- present my Love,
With Roses eek and Lillies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

AND NOT I 

BUT stay, --- I had amaist forgot
My Mistress and my Sang to Boot,
And that's an unko Faut I wate:

But Nanfy, 'tis nae Matter.

Ye see I clink my Verse wi' Rhime,
And ken ye, that atones the Crime,
Forby, how sweet my Numbers chime,
And slide awa like Water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now

Now ken, my reverend sonfy Fair,
 Thy runckled Cheeks and lyart Hair,
 Thy haisthut Een and hodling Air,
 Are a' my Passion's Fewel.

Nae sky'ring Gowk, my Dear, can see
 Or Love, or Grace, or Heaven in thee;
 Yet thou hast Charms enew for me,
 Then smile and be na cruel.

*Leeze me on thy Snawy Pow,
 Lucky Nanfy, Lucky Nanfy,
 Dryest Wood will eitheft low,
 And Nanfy sae will ye now.*



TROTH I have sung the Sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither Bard wad do;
 Hear then my charitable Vow,
 Dear venerable Nanfy.

But if the World my Passion wrang,
 And say ye only live in Sang,
 Ken I despise a standring Tongue,
 And sing to please my Fancy.

Leeze me on thy. &c.

Q.
A

A
Scots Cantata.

The Tune after an *Italian* Manner.

Compos'd by

Signior LORENZO BOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

B LATE *Jonny* faintly teld fair *Jean* his
Mind,
Jeany took Pleasure to deny him lang
He thought her Scorn came frae a Heart
unkind,
Which gart him in Despair tune up this
Sang.

A I R.

O bony Lassie, since 'tis sae,
That I'm despis'd by thee,
I hate to live; but O I'm wae,
And unko sweer to die.

Dear

Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy Hours
 I thole by your *Diddain*,
 Ah! should a Breast sae fast as yours
 Contain a Heart of Stane.

R E C I T A T I V E.

THESE tender Notes did a' her Pity move
 With melting Heart she listned to the Boy,
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him
 her Love:

He in Return thus sang his rising Joy.

A I R.

HENCE frae my Breast, contentious Care,
 Ye've tint the Power to pine,
 My *Jeany's* good, my *Jeany's* fair,
 And a' her Sweets are mine.
 O spread thine Arms and gi'e me Fowth
 Of dear enchanting Bliss,
 A Thousand Joys around thy Mouth,
 Gi'e Heaven with ilka Kiss.



The T O A S T.

To the Tune of, *Saw ye my PEGGY.*



C O M E let's ha'e mair Wine in,
Bacchus hates Repining,
Venus loos na Dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull here t' ye , Sir,
Ye'r Mistrefs ---- gi'es her,
We'll drink her Health wi' Pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.



T H E N let ---- warm ye,
That's a Lafs can charm ye,
And to Joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.

Some

Some Angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her,
Kiltet to the Knee.



---- a dainty Lads is,
Come let's join our Glasses,
And refresh our Hauses,
With a Health to thee.
Let Coofs their Cash be clinking,
Be Statesmen tint in thinking,
While we with Love and Drinking,
Give our Cares the Lic.

N. B. *The first Blank to be supply'd with
the Toaster's Name, the two last with
the Name of the Toast.*





Maggie's Tocher.

To its ain Tune.

THE Meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;
 And *Maggie* was in her Prime,
 When *Willie* made Courtship till her,
 Twa Pistals charg'd beguets,
 To gie the courting Shot:
 And syne came ben the Lass,
 Wi' Swats drawn frae the Butt.
 He first speer'd at the Guidman,
 And syne at *Giles* the Mither,
 An ye wad gi's a Bit Land,
 Wee'd buckle us een the gither.

My Daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
 But I'll part wi' my Wife be my Fae,
 Or I part wi' my Land.

E

Your

Your Tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its Maik,
 The Lafs bound in her Snood,
 And *Crummie* who kens her Stake;
 With an auld Bedden o' Claiths,
 Was left me be my Mither,
 They're jet black o'er wi' Fleas,
 Ye may cudle in them the gither.

YE speak right well, Guidman,
 But ye maun mend your Hand,
 And think o' Modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your Land :
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither.
 A House is butt and benn,
 And *Crummie* will want her Fother.
 The Bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their Mither !
 We hae nouter Pot nor Pan,
 But four bare Legs the gither.

YOUR

YOUR Tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good Stilts to the Pleugh,
 And ye your sell maun steer :
 Ye shall hae twa good Pocks,
 That anes were o' the Tweel,
 The t'ane to had the Grots,
 The ither to had the Meal.
 With an auld Kist made o' Wands,
 And that fall be your Coffe,
 Wi' aiken Woody Bands,
 And that may had your Tocher.

CONSIDER well, Guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd Gear,
 The Horse that I ride on,
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* Mare :
 The Saddle's nane o' my ain,
 An thae's but borrow'd Boots,
 An whan that I gae hame
 I maun tak to my Coots.

The Cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,
 That gars me look sae crouse ;
 Come fill us a Cogue of Swats,
 We'll make na mair toom Ruse.

I like you well, young Lad,
 For telling me sae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' Gear that was my ain.
 But sin that Things are sae,
 The Bride she maun come furth,
 Tho a' the Gear she'll ha'e,
 It'll be but little worth.
 A Bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither :
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the Hissie come hither.
 The Bride she gade till her Bed,
 The Bridegroom he came till her ;
 The Fidler crap in at the Fit,
 An they cudl'd it a the gither.

Z.

A

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Blink over
the Burn* sweet BETTIE.

L EAVE Kindred and Friends, sweet
Betty,

Leave Kindred and Friends, for me;
Assur'd, thy Servant is steddly
To Love, to Honour, and Thee.

The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
May fly, by Chance, as they came;
They're Grounds the Destinies sport on,
But Virtue is ever the same.



ALTHO my Fancy were roving,
Thy Charms so heavenly appear,
That other Beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only, my Dear.
And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,
To share them, together, is fitter,
Than moan, assunder, like Doves.

OH! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my Love in my Arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed!
 And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
 I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
 Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
 Tho Death shou'd tear me to Pieces,
 I'd die a Martyr to Love. M.



A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The bonny
 Gray-ey'd Morning.*

C E L E S T I A L Muses, tune your Lyres,
 Grace all my Raptures with your Lays,
 Charming, enchanting *Kate* inspires,
 In lofty Sounds her Beauties praise,
 How undesigning she displays,
 Such Scenes as ravish with Delight;
 Tho brighter than Meridian Rays,
 They dazle not, but please the Sight.

BLIND



BLIND God give this, this only Dart,
 Neither will, nor can her harm,
 I would but gently touch her Heart,
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.
 Go, *Venus*, use your fav'rite Wile,
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,
 Let all your Graces round her smile,
 And sooth her till I Comfort find.



WHEN thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
 And all my anxious Cares remov'd,
 In moving Notes, I'll tell the Maid,
 With what pure lasting Flames I lov'd.
 Then shall alternate Life and Death,
 My ravish'd flut'ring Soul possess,
 The softest tend'rest Things I'll breath;
 Betwixt each am'rous fond Carcass.

O,



SONG

S O N G.

To the Tune of *the Broom of Cowdenknows*.

SUBJECTED to the Pow'r of Love,
By *Nell's* resistless Charms,
The Fancy fix'd no more can rove,
Or fly Love's soft Alarms.

GAY *Damon* had the Skill to shun
All Traps by *Cupid* laid,
Until his Freedom was undone
By *Nell* the conquering Maid.

BUT who can stand the Force of Love,
When she resolves to kill?
Her sparkling Eyes Love's Arrows prove,
And wound us with our Will.

O happy *Damon*, happy Fair,
What *Cupid* has begun,
May faithful *Hymen* take a Care
To see it fairly done.

G.
S O N G.

(57)

SONG.

Tune of *Logan Water*.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee
run?

Why from his soft Embraces fly,
And all his kind Endearments shun?

So flies the *Fawn*, with Fear oppress'd,
Seeking its *Mother* ev'ry where,
It starts at ev'ry empty Blast,
And trembles when no Danger's near.

AND yet I keep thee but in View,
To gaze the Glories of thy Face,
Not with a hateful Step pursue,
As Age to rifle every Grace.

CEASE then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,
But haste all Rivals to outshine,
And grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
Leave *Mama's* Arms and come to mine.

W.

A

A South-Sea Sang.

Tune of, *For our lang biding here.*

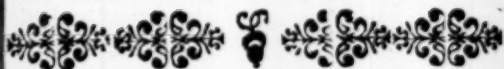
WHEN we came to *London Town*,
We dream'd of Gowd in Gowp-
ings here,

And rantinly ran up and down,
In rising Stocks to buy a Skair :
We daftly thought to row in Rowth,
But for our Daffine pay'd right dear ;
The lave will fare the war in Trowth,
For our lang biding here.



BUT when we fand our Purfes toom,
And dainty Stocks began to fa',
We hang our Lugs, and wi' a Gloom,
Girn'd at Stockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the *South-Sea House*,
The Whillywha's will grip ye'r Gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

Hap



Hap me with thy Petticoat.

O *BELL* thy Looks have kill'd my
Heart,

I pass the Day in Pain,
When Night returns I feel the Smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity and incline,
And grant me for a Hap that charm-
ing Petticoat of thine.



My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Delusive Dreams ten thousand Ways,
Present thee to my Arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those Pleasures, which can only cure
This panting Breast of mine.

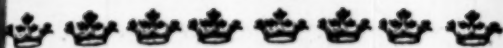


I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just Reward that's due to Love,
 And let true Passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize
 That lovely Breast of thine;
 Thy Petticoat could give me Ease,
 If thou and it were mine.



SURE Heaven has fitted for Delight
 That beauteous Form of thine,
 And thour't too good its Law to slight,
 By hindring the Design.
 May all the Powers of Love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.





Love inviting Reason.

A SONG to the Tune of,--- *Chami ma
chatle, ne duce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent Pastime our Pleasure
did crown,

Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree,
E'er *Annie* became a fine Lady in Town,
How lovely and loving and bony was she,
Rouze up thy Reason, my beautiful *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy
ajee,

O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon
thee.



DOES the Death of a Lintwhite give *An-
nie* the Spleen?

Can tyning of Trifles be uneasy to thee?
Can Lap-dogs and Monkies draw Tears
frae these Een,
That look with Indifference on poor
dying me?

F

Rouse

Rouse up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me,
 O! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny,
 And think on thy *Jamie*, wha doats up-
 pon thee.



AH ! shou'd a new Manto or *Flanders*
 Lace Head,

Or yet a wee Cottie, tho never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu' and let his Heart
 bleed,

That anes had some Hope of purchasing
 thine.

Rouse up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer ye'r Fleegeries to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true Lover that doats upon
 thee.



SHALL a *Paris* Edition of newfangle *Sany*,
 Tho gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair
Annie,

And aim at these Bennisons promis'd to me.
 Rouse

Rouse up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon
 thee.



O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka
 sweet Hour,
 That flade away fastly between thee and
 me,

E'er Squirrels or Beaus or Fopery had Power
 To rival my Love and impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy Desires be a' center'd in me,
 O! as thou art bony, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center
 in the.




The Bob of Dunblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw Hemp
Heckle,

And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;
For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dunblane*.
Hast ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r
Trunkies,

Busk ye braw and dinna think Shame;
Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dun-*
blane.


BE frank, my Lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye didna accept of the *Bob of Dunblane*.
The Dinner, the Piper and Priest shall be
ready,

And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane,
Away then leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane*.

SONG

SONG complaining of Absence.

To the Tune of --- *My Apron Deary.*

A H *Chloe* ! thou Treasure, thou Joy
of my Breast,

Since I parted from thee I'm a Stranger
to Rest,

I fly to the Grove, there to languish and
and mourn,

There sigh for my Charmer, and long to
return.

The Fields all around me are smiling and
gay,

But they smile all in vain, -- my *Chloe*'s away;

The Field and the Grove can afford me no
Ease, ---

But bring me my *Chloe*, a Defart will please.

No Virgin I see that my Bolom alarms,

I'm cold to the fairest, tho glowing with
Charms,

In vain they attack me, and sparkle the Eye;

These are not the Looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.

These Looks where bright Love like the
 Sun sits enthron'd,
 And smiling diffuses his Influence round,
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my Char-
 mer, amaz'd;

Thus gaz'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd
 while I gaz'd.

THEN, then the dear fair One was still
 in my Sight,
 It was Pleasure all Day, it was Rapture
 all Night ;

But now, by hard Fortune remov'd from
 my Fair,

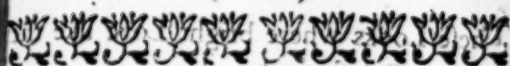
In Secret I languish, a Prey to Despair.
 But Absence and Torment abate not my
 Flame,

My *Chloe's* still charming, my Passion the
 same ;

O! would she preserve me a Place in her
 Breast,

Then Absence would please me, for I
 would be blest. R.

SONG,



SONG.

To the Tune of, *I fixed my Fancy on her.*

BRIGHT *Cynthia's* Power divinely great
 What Heart is not obeying?
 A Thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her Eyes are playing.
 She seems the Queen of Love to reign;
 For she alone dispences,
 Such Sweets as best can entertain
 The Gust of all the Senses.



HER Face a charming Prospect brings,
 Her Breath gives balmy Bliss; ;
 I hear an Angel when she sings,
 And taste of Heaven in Kisses.
 Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy,
 From Nature's richest Treasure :
 Let me the other Sense employ,
 And I shall die with Pleasure.

X.

A

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I lov'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
 Will you never ease my Pain ?
 Must I die for every Feature ?
 Must I always love in vain ?
 The Desire of Admiration,
 Is the Pleasure you pursue ;
 Pray thee try a lasting Passion,
 Such a Love as mine for you.



TEARS and sighing could not move you ;
 For a Lover ought to dare :
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy Ways befitting,
 Will my Dear be fickle still ?
 Conquest is the Joy of Women,
 Let their Slaves be what they will.

YOUR

YOUR Neglect with Torment fills me,
 And my desperate Thoughts encrease;
 Pray consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a Lover less.

If your wand'ring Heart is beating
 For new Lovers, let it be:
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a Day and fix on me.

The REPLY.

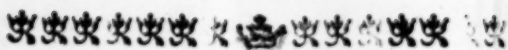
I N vain, fond Youth, thy Tears give o'er;
 What more, alas! can *Flavia* do;
 Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:

All are not happy that are true.
 Suppress those Sighs, and weep no more;
 Should Heaven and Earth with thee
 combine,

'Twere all in vain, since any Power,
 To crown thy Love, must alter mine.

BUT if Revenge can ease thy Pain,
 I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure,
 Tell that I drag a hopeless Chain,
 And all that I inflict, endure.

X.
The



The Rose in YARROW.

To the Tune of *Mary Scot.*

'T WAS Summer and the Day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from Care,
 Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the Braes of *Yarrow*;
 Till then despising Beauty's Power,
 I kept my Heart, my own secure :
 But *Cupid's* Art did there deceive me,
 And *Mary's* Charms do now enslave me.



WILL cruel Love no Bribe receive ?
 No Ransom take for *Mary's* Slave ;
 Her Frowns of Rest and Hope deprive me,
 Her lovely Smiles like Light revive me.
 No Bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming Fair,
 This beauteous Flower, this Rose of *Yarrow*,
 In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

H A D

HAD I of Heaven but one Request,
 I'd ask to ly in *Mary's* Breast;
 There would I live or die with Pleasure,
 Nor spare this World one Moment's Leisure,
 Despising Kings, and all that's great,
 I'd smile at Courts and Courtier's Fate;
 My Joy complete on such a Marrow,
 I'd dwell with her and live on *Yarrow*.



BUT tho' such Bliss I ne'er should gain,
 Contented still I'll wear my Chain,
 In hopes my faithfull Heart may move her;
 For leaving Life I'll always love her.
 What Doubts distract a Lover's Mind?
 That Breast all Softness must prove kind;
 And she shall yet become my Marrow,
 The lovely beauteous Rose of *Yarrow*.



C.

The

*The Fair Penitent.*A SONG, --- *To its own Tune.*

A Lovely Lass to a Friar came,
 To confess, in a Morning early,
In what, my Dear, are you to blame ?
Come own it all sincerely.

I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
 With a Lad, who loves me dearly.

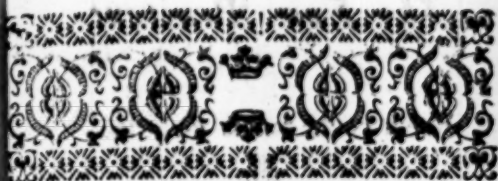
THE greatest Fault in myself I know,
 Is what I now discover,
Then you to Rome for that must go,
There Discipline to suffer.

Lake a Day Sir ! if it must be so,
 Pray with me send my Lover.

No, no, my Dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double Dealing ;
But if with me you'll repete the same,
I'll pardon your past Failing.

I must own Sir, tho' I blush for Shame,
 That your Penance is prevailing. X





*The last Time I came o'er
the Moor.*

THE last Time I came o'er the Moor,
 I left my Love behind me;
 Ye Pow'rs! What Pain do I endure
 When soft Ideas mind me?
 Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
 The beaming Day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely Maid,
 In fit Retreats for Wooing.



BENEATH the cooling Shade we lay,
 Gazing, and chastly sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,
 'Till Night spread her black Curtain.

G

I

I pitied all beneath the Skies,
 Ev'n Kings when she was nigh me;
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.



SHOUL'D I be call'd where Cannons rore,
 Where mortal Steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
 Where Dangers may surround me:
 Yet Hopes again to see my Love,
 To feast on glowing Kisses,
 Shall make my Cares at Distance move,
 In Prospect of such Blesses.



IN all my Soul, there's not one Place
 To let a Rival enter;
 Since she excels in every Grace,
 In her my Love shall center.
 Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
 Their Waves the *Alps* shall cover,
 On *Greenland* Ice shall Roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.



THE next Time I go o'er the Moor,

She shall a Lover find me ;

And that my Faith is firm and pure,

Tho' I left her behind me:

Then *Hymen's* sacred Bonds shall chain

My Heart to her fair Bosom,

There, while my Being does remain,

My Love more fresh shall blossom.



The Lass of Peatie's Mill.



THE Lass of *Peatie's* Mill,

So bonny, blyth and gay,

In Spite of all my Skill,

Hath stole my Heart away.

When tedding of the Hay

Bare-headed on the Green,

Love 'midst her Locks did play,

And wanton'd in her Een.



HER Arms white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,
 To Age it wou'd give Youth,
 To press 'em with his Hand.
 Thro' all my Spirits ran
 An Extasy of Blifs,
 When I such Sweetness find
 Wrapt in a balmy Kifs.



WITHOUT the Help of Art,
 Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
 She did her Sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her Looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected Pride,
 She me to Love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my Bride.



O had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
 Insur'd long Life and Health,
 And Pleasures at my Will ;

I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The Lass of *Peatie's* Mill
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.



GREN SLEEVES.



YE watch'ul Guardians of the Fair,
 Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
 Of my dear *Delia* take a Care,
 And represent her Lover
 With all the Gayety of Youth,
 With Honour, Justice, Love and Truth,
 Till I return her Passions south,
 For me, in Whispers move her.



BE careful no bale sordid Slave,
 With Soul sunk in a golden Grave,
 Who knows no Virtue but to save,
 With glaring Gold bewitch her.

Tell her for me she was design'd,
 For me who know how to be kind,
 And have more Plenty in my Mind,
 Than one who's ten Times richer.



LET all the World turn upside down,
 And Fools run an eternal Round,
 In Quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain Ambition.
 Let little Minds great Charms espy
 In Shadows which at Distance ly,
 Whose hop'd for Pkasures, when come
 nigh,
 Prove nothing in Fruition.



BUT cast into a Mold Divine,
 Fair *Delia* does with Lustre shine,
 Her vittuous Soul's an ample Mine,
 Which yields a constant Treasure.
 Let Poets in sublimest Lays,
 Imploy their Skill her Fame to raise;
 Let Sons of Musick pass whole Days,
 With well-tun'd Reeds to please her.

The



The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.



IN *April* when Primroses paint the
 sweet Plain,
 And Summer approaching rejoiceth the
 Swain,
 The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would often
 times go
 To Wilds and deep Glens, where the
 Hawthorn-trees grow.



THERE under the Shade of an old fa-
 cred Thorn,
 With Freedom he sung his Loves Ev'ning
 and Morn;

He sang with so fast and enchanting a
Sound,

That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danced
around.



THE Shepherd thus sang, Tho' young
Maya be fair,

Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud
Air ;

But *Susie* was handsome and sweetly could
sing,

Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in
the Spring.



THAT *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of
her Youth,

Like the Moon was unconstant and never
spoke Truth ;

But *Susie* was faithful, good humour'd and
true,

And fair as the Goddess who sprung from
the Sea.

THAT

THAT Mamma's fine Daughter, with
 all her great Dower,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently fowr:
 Then, sighing, he wished, would Parents
 agree,
 The witty sweet *Susie* his Mistress might be.



N A N N Y O.

W HILE some for Pleasure pawn their
 Health,

Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
 I'll save my self, and without Stealth
 Kiss and caress my Nanny--O.
 She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*
 Than *Leda* did or *Danae*--O,
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but Nanny--O.

How



How joyfully my Spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely--O.
 I guess what Heav'n is by her Eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely--O.
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breath in the blest *Britannia*,
 None's Happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny--O*.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny--O,
My lovely charming Nanny--O,
I care not though the World know
How dearly I love Nanny--O.



Bonny



Bonny J E A N.

L OVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with speed,
 Nor let the Shaft at Random rove,
 For *Jeany's* haughty Heart must bleed.
 The smiling Boy, with divine Art,
 From *Paphos* shot an Arrow keen,
 Which flew unerring to the Heart,
 And kill'd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.



No more the Nymph, with haughty Air.
 Refuses *Willie's* kind Address,
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
 But too much Fondness to suppress.
 No more the Youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the Green,
 Whilst every Day he spies some new
 Surprising Charms in bonny *Jean*.



A Thousand Transports crowd his
Breast,

He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
His former Sorrows seem a Jest,
Now when his *Jeanie* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with Disdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
If absent from his bonny *Jean*.



THE Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,
Which even in Summer shorten'd seems,
When sunk in Downs with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than *Troy's* Prize the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.



Throw the Wood Laddie.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly*
to mourn?

Thy Presence cou'd ease me,
When naithing can please me.
Now dowie I sigh on the Bank of the
Burn,
Orthrow the Wood, Laddie, until thou
return.



THE Woods now are bonny, and Mor-
nings are clear,
While Lav'rocks are singing,
And Primroses springing;
Yet nane of them pleases my Eye or my
Ear;
When throw the Wood Laddie ye dinna
appear.

H

THAT

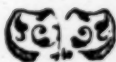
THAT I am forsaken, some spare na
to tell;

I'm fash'd wi' their Scorning,
Baith Ev'ning and Morning;
Their Jeering gaes aft to my Heart wi' a
Knell;
When throw the Wood, Laddie, I wander
my fell.



THEN stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae lang-
er away,

But quick as an Arrow,
Hast here to thy Marrow,
Wha's living in Langour till that happy
Day;
When throw the Wood, Laddie, we'll
dance, sing, and play.



Down



Down the Burn Davie.

WHEN Trees did bud and Fields
 were green,
 And Broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
 And Love laugh'd in her Eye,
 Blyth *Davie's* Blinks her Heart did move
 To speak her Mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn Davie, Love,
And I shall follow thee.



Now *Davie* did each Lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this Burnside,
 And *Mary* was the bonniest Lass,
 Just meet to be a Bride;

H 2

Her

Her Cheeks were roſie, red and white,
 Her Een were bonny blue;
 Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,
 Her Lips like dropping Dew.



As down the Burn they took their Way,
 What tender Tales they ſaid;
 His Cheek to hers he aſt did lay,
 And with her Boſom play'd,
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully bleſt,
 In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only ſaw the reſt.



WHAT paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs Play,
 And naething ſure unmeet;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
 They lik'd a Wa'k ſae ſweet;
 And that they aften ſhou'd return
 Sic Pleaſure to renew.
 Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,
 And ay ſhall follow you.

SONG.

To the Tune of Gilder Roy.

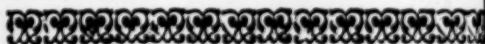
A H! *Cloris*, cou'd I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your Infant Beauty cou'd beget,
 No Happiness nor Pain.
 When I this Dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming Day,
 I little thought that rising Fire,
 Wou'd take my Rest away.



Your Charms in harmless Child-hood lay,
 As Metals in a Mine.
 Age from no Face takes more away,
 Than Youth conceal'd in thine:
 But as your Charms insensibly
 To their Perfection prest;
 So Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my Breast.



My Passion with your Beauty grew,
 While *Cupid* at my Heart,
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming Dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton Part;
 To make a Lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his Art---;
 To make a Beauty, she.



A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The yellow hair'd Laddie*.

YE Shepherds and Nymphs that a-
 dorn the gay Plain,
 Approach from your Sports, and attend
 to my Strain;
 Amongst all your Number, a Lover so true,
 Was ne'er so undone, with such Bless in
 his View.

WAS ever a Nymph so hard-hearted
as mine?

She knows me sincere, and she sees how I
pine,

She does not disdain me, nor frown in her
Wrath,

But calmly and mildly resigns me to Death.

SHE calls me her Friend; but her Lover
denies.

She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears
not my Sighs:

A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me
despair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with
Tears.

Her Answer confounds, while her Man-
ner endears;

When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bless her, in Spite of
my Grief.

By

By Night while I slumber, still haunt.
 ed with Care,
 I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the Fair,
 The Fair sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so!
 And only when dreaming imagine my Wo.

THEN gaze at a Distance, nor farther
 aspire,
 Nor think she should love, whom she
 cannot admire.
 Hush all thy Complaining, and dying her
 Slave,
 Commend her to Heaven, and thy self to
 the Grave.

By William Hamilton of Barigou X.



SONG.



S O N G.

To the Tune of, *When she came a ben she bobbed.*

C O M E, fill me a Bumper, my joll'y
 brave Boys,
 Lets have no more Female Impert'nence
 and Noise;
 For I've try'd the Endearments and Plea-
 sures of Love,
 And I find they're but Nonsense and
 Whimsies, by *Jove*.

W H E N first of all *Betty* and I were ac-
 quaint,
 I whin'd like a Fool, and she sigh'd like a
 Saint:
 But I found her *Religion*, her *Face* and her
Love,
 Were *Hypocrisy*, *Paint*, and *Self-interest*,
 by *Jove*.

S W E E T

SWEET Cecil came next, with her languishing Air,
 Her *Outside* was orderly, modest and fair,
 But her *Soul* was sophisticate, so was her *Love*,
 For I found she was only a *Strumpet*, by *Jove*.

LITTLE double-gilt Jenny's Gold
 charm'd me at last;
 (You know *Marriage and Money together*
 does best)
 But the *Baggage* forgetting her *Vows* and
 her *Love*,
 Gave her Gold to a *sniv'ling dull Coxcomb*,
 by *Jove*.

COME fill me a Bumper then, jolly
 brave Boys:
 Here's a Farewell to Female Impert'nence
 and Noise;
 I know few of the Sex that are worthy my
 Love;
 And for *Strumpets* and *Filts*, I abhor them,
 by *Jove*.

L.
Dum.



Dumbarton's *Drums*.

DUMBARTON'S Drums beat bonny O.
 When they mind me of my dear
 Jonny---O,
 How happy am I,
 When my Soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his *Annie*---O.
 'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me---O;
 For his graceful Looks do invite me---O:
 While guarded in his Arms,
 I'll fear no Wars Alarms,
 Neither Danger nor Death shall e're fright
 me---O.



My Love is a handsome Laddie---O;
 Gentle, but ne're foppish nor gaudy---O;
 Tho' Commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this Year;
 For he shall serve no longer a Cadie---O.
A.

A Soldier has Honour and Bravery---O,
 Unacquainted with Rogues and their
 Knave'ry---O;

He minds no other Thing,
 But the Ladies or the King;
 For every other Care is but Slavery---O.



THEN I'll be the Captain's Lady---O,
 Farewell all my Friends, and my Daddy---O,
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the Drum,
 And when e're that beats, I'll be ready---O.
Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny---O,
 They are sprightly like my Dear *Fonny*---O,
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my Soldier's Knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his *Annie*---O.

C.





Auld lang syne.



SHOULD auld Acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho they return with Scars?
 These are the noble HEROES' Lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
 Welcome, my VARO, to my Breast,
 Thy Arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.



METHINKS around us on each Bough,
 A Thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
 Each Object makes me gay :
 Since your Return the Sun and Moon
 With brighter Beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

I

De-



DESPISE the Court and Din of State,
 Let that to their Share fall,
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a Ball ;
 But sunk in Love, upon my Arms
 Let your brave Head recline,
 We'll please our selves with mutual Charms,
 As we did lang syne.



O'ER Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
 You may pursue the Chase,
 And, after a blyth Bottle, end
 All Cares in my Embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy Day
 You shall be wholly mine ;
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.



THE HEROE pleat'd with the sweet Air
 And Signs of gen'rous Love,
 Which had been utter'd by the FAIR,
 Bow'd to the Pow'rs above ;

Next

Next Day with Consent and glad Haste.
 Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine,
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
 And put them out of Pine.



The Lafs of *Livingston*.



PAIN'D with her slighting JAMIE'S LOVE,
 BELL dropt a Tear, --- BELL dropt a
 Tear,

The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear, --- Well pleas'd to hear,
 They heard the Praises of the Youth
 From her own Tongue, ---- From her own
 Tongue,

Who now converted was to Truth,
 And thus she sung, ---- And thus she sung.



BLEST Days when our ingen'ous Sex,
More frank and kind,-----More frank and
kind,

Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But spoke their Mind, ---- But spoke their
Mind,

Repenting now she promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return,-----Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cause him mourn,-----Or cause him
mourn.



WHY lov'd I the deserving SWAIN,
Yet still thought Shame, --- Yet still
thought Shame,

When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame, --- To own my Flame!
Why took I Pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy,-----And seem too coy?
Which makes me now alas lament
My slighted Joy, --- My slighted Joy.



YE fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Desire, --- Own your Desire,
While Love's young Power with his soft
Wing

Fa'ns up the Fire, ---- Fa'ns up the Fire.
O do not with a silly Pride,
Or low Design, --- Or low Design,
Refuse to be a happy Bride,
But answer plain, --- But answer plain.



THUS the fair Mourner wail'd her
Crime,

With flowing Eyes, --- With flowing Eyes,
Glad JAMIE heard her all the Time,
With sweet Surprise, --- With sweet
Surprise.

Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd, --- His Mind un-
chang'd;

Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
I am reveng'd ! -- I am reveng'd !



Peggy, *I must love thee.*



AS from a Rock past all Relief,
 The shipwrackt COLIN spying
 His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
 Half sunk in Waves and dying;
 With the next Morning Sun he spies
 A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise,
 New Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes
 With Joy, and waits her Motion.



So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was and deserted,
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted :
 Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
 I found in PEGGY's Mind and Face,
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But Virtue more engaging.

Then



THEN now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying,
 Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
 We lose our selves in staying;
 I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,
 Since Marriage can my Fears oppose,
 Why should we happy Minutes lose,
 Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee?



MEN may be foolish if they please,
 And deem't a Lover's Duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,
 Doating on a proud Beauty:
 Such was my Case for many a Year,
 Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,
 False *Betty's* Charms now disappear,
 Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.



•
Betty

Bessy Bell *and* Mary Gray.



O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny Lassies,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brake
And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.
Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd Yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.



Now *Bessy's* Hair's like a Lint Tap,
She smiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis'* Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning :
White is her Neck, saft is her Hand,
Her Wastle and Feet's fow genty,
With *milka* Grace she can command,
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And



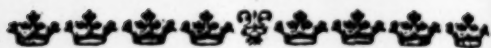
AND *Mary's* Locks are like a *Craw*,
 Her Eyes like *Diamonds* glances,
 She's ay sa clean, redd-up and braw,
 She kills when e'er she dances :
 Blyth as a *Kid*, with *Wit* at *Will*,
 She blooming tight and tall is ;
 And guides her *Airs* sae gracefu' still,
 O *Jove!* she's like thy *Pallas*.



DEAR *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco' fair oppress us :
 Our Fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny Lasses :
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by Law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.



I'll



I'll never leave thee.

J O N N Y.

TH O' for seven Years and mair Ho-
nour shou'd reave me,
To Fie'ds where Cannons raire, thou need
na grieve thee,
For deep in my Spirit thy Sweets are in-
dented,
And Love shall preserve ay what Love has
imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the World as it will, Dearest, believe
me.

N E L L Y.

O Jonny, I'm jealous when e'er ye discover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose
Rover ;

And

And nought i'the World wa'd vex my
Heart fairer,

If you prove unconstant, and fancy an
fairer :

Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
A'the lang Night and Day, if you deceive
me.

J O N N Y.

My Nelly, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
For while my Blood's warm I'll kindly
caress ye;

Your blooming soft Beauties first beeted
Love's Fire,

Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame
the higher.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the World as it will, Dearest, be-
lieve me.

N E L L Y.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this Minute
allow ye

To think me your Mistress, for Love gars
me trew ye, And

(108)

And gin ye prove fa'se, to ye'r sell be
said then,

Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a
kind Maiden :

Reave me, reave me, Heavens! It wad
reave me

Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive
me.

J O N N Y.

BID Icefhogles hammer red Gauds on
the Studdy,

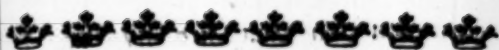
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair ap-
pear ruddy,

Bid *Britons* think ae Gate, and when they
obey ye,

But never till that Time, believe I'll be-
tray ye :

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns shall gang withershins e'er I
deceive thee.

T H E



My Deary, if thou die.

LOVE never more shall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee;

Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,

My Peggy, if thou die.

Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,

Thy Lov's so true to me:

Without thee-I shall never live,

My Deary, if thou die.

IF Fate shall tear thee from my Breast,

How shall I lonely stray?

In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,

In Sighs the silent Day.

I ne'er can so much Virtue find,

Nor such Perfection see;

Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,

My *Peggy*, after thee.


K

No

No new blown Beauty fires my Heart,
 With *Cupid's* raving Rage,
 But thine which can such Sweets impart,
 Must all the World engage.
 'Twas this that like the Morning-Sun
 Gave Joy and Life to me,
 And when its destin'd Day is done,
 With *Peggy* let me die.

YE Powers that smile on virtuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure share;
 You who its faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair.
 Restore my *Peggy's* wonted Charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me:
 Oh! never rob them from those Arms;
 I'm lost, if *Peggy* die.





My Jo Janet.

SWEET Sir, for your Courtesie,
 When ye came by the *Baſs* then.
 For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a Keeking-glaſs then.

Keek into the Draw-well

Janet, Janet,
And there ye'll ſee ye'r bonny ſell,
 My Jo Janet.



KEEING in the Draw-well clear
 What if I ſhou'd fa' in,
 Syn a' my Kin will ſay and ſwear
 I drown'd my ſell for Sin.

Ha'd the better be the Brae,
 Janet, Janet,
Ha'd the better be the Brae,
 My Jo Janet.



GOOD Sir, for your Courtesie,
 Coming through *Aberdeen* then,
 For the Love ye bear to me
 Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
Ae Pair may gain ye haff a Year,
 My Jo Janet.



BUT what if dancing on the Green,
 And skipping like a Mawking,
 If they shou'd see my clouted Shoon,
 Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh and late as E'en,
 Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their Faults will no be seen,
 My Jo Janet.

KIND



KIND Sir, for your Courtesie,
 When ye gae to the Crofs then,
 For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing Horfe then.

Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet;

Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.



Mr Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The Rock o't winna stand, Sir,
 To keep the Temper-pin in tiff
 Employs aft my Hand, Sir ;
Make the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;

But like it never wale a Man,
 My Jo Janet.



SONG

SONG.

To the Tune of, John Anderson my Jo.

WHAT means this Niceness now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove;
Such Distance may consist with State,
But never will with Love.
'Tis either Cunning or Disdain
That does such Ways allow;
The first is base, the last is vain:
May neither happen you.



FOR if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not ha'ff that Art:
For if you chance a Look to cast,
That seems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

Amid

Auld Rob Moris.

M I T H E R.

AULD *Rob Moris* that wins in yon Glen,
 He's the King of good Fellows, and
 Wale of auld Men,
 Has fourscore of black Sheep, and four-
 score too;

Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

D O U G H T E R.

HA'D your Tongue Mither, and let that abee,
 For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen;
 For he is Fourscore, and I'm but Fifteen.

M I T H E R.

HA'D your Tongue, Doughster, and lay
 by your Pride,
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be
 the Bride;
 He shall ly by your Side, and kiss ye too,
Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGH-

(116)

D O U G H T E R.

AULD *Rob Moris* I ken him fou weel,
His A--- it sticks out like ony Peet-Creel,
He's out-shin'd, in-kneed and ringle-eyd too;
Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

M I T H E R.

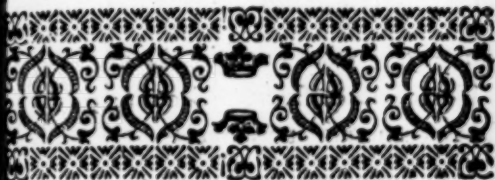
T H O' auld *Rob Moris* be an elderly Man,
Yet his auld Brass it will buy a new Pan;
Then, Doughter, ye shoudna be sae ill to
shoo,
For auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun
loo.

D O U G H T E R.

B U T auld *Rob Moris* I never will hae,
His Back is sae stiff, and his Beard is grown
gray:
I had titter die than live wi' him a Year;
Sae mair of *Rob Moris* I never will hear.

Q.

S O N G.



SONG.

*To the Tune of, Come kiss with me, come
clap with me, &c.*

P E G G Y.

MY Focky blyth for what thou hast
done,

There is nae help nor mending ;
For thou hast jog'd me out of Tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.

My Mither sees a Change on me,
For my Complexion dashes,
And this, alas ! has been with thee

Sae late amang the Rashes.

F O C K Y.

JOCKY.

MY *Peggy*, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee frae her Scouling;
 Come then and let us buckle to,
 Nae langer let's be fooling :
 For her Content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy Complexion dashes;
 And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
 'Tis faster than the Rasches.

PEGGY.

THEN *Jocky* since thy Lov's sae true,
 Let Mither scoul, I'm easy :
 Sae lang's I live I ne'r shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee,
 And there's my Hand I's ne'er complain.
 O! wells me on the Rasches;
 When e'er thou likes I'll do't again,
 And a Feg for a' their Clashes.



SONG.

S O N G.

To the Tune of *Rothel's Lament*; or, *Pinky-House*.

A *Silvia* in a Forrest lay
 To vent her Woe alone;
 Her Swain *Sylvander* came that Way,
 And heard her dying Moan.
 Ah! is my Love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain:
 Why is your wonted Fondness now
 Converted to Disdain?

You vow'd the Light thou'd Darkness turn
 E'er you'd exchange your Love;
 In Shades now may Creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I Credit gave
 To every Oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive
 Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis

'Tis plain your Dist was all Deceit,
The Practice of Mankind:

Alas! I see it but too late,

My Love hath made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:

But Oh! with Grief I'm fill'd
To think that credulous constant I
Should by your self be kill'd.

THIS said, ----all breathless, sick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senses at a Stand.

Sylvander then began to melt:

But e're the Word was given
The heavy Hand of Death she felt,
And sigh'd her Soul to Heaven.



M.

The



The Young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.



pale,

NOW wat ye wha I met Yestreen,
Coming down the Street, my Jo,
My Mistress in her Tartan Screen,
Fow bonny, braw aud sweet, my Jo?
My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night
That never wisht a Lover ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a' Wauk up to the Hill.



M.

O Katty, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinfome Town a while,
The Blossom's sprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to smile;

L

The

The

The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
 The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hynd,
 In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
 Will nourish Health and glad y'er Mind.



SOON as the clear Goodman of Day
 Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
 We'll gae to some Burnside and play,
 And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow.
 We'll pou the Daiesies on the Green,
 The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
 Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the Velvet Fog.



THERE's up into a pleasant Glen,
 A wee Piece frae my Father's Tower,
 A canny, fast and flowry Den,
 Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower:
 When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauller Shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

KATY'S

KATY'S *Answer.*

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Tho' she did the same before me,

I canna get Leave,
 To look to my Looove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

RIGHT fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher,,
 Then, *Sandy*, yell fret,
 And wyte y'er poor *Kate*,
 When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

FOR tho' my Father has Plenty
 Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his Gear,
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

TUTOR my Parents wi' Caution,
 Be wylie in ilka Motion,
 Brag well o' ye'r Land,
 And there's my leal Hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

L 2

MARY



MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the Love which meets Re-
turn,

When in soft Flames Souls equal burn ;
But Words are wanting to discover
The Torments of a hopeless Lover.

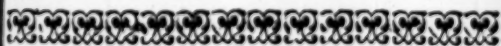
Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow,
Mary Scot, the Flower of Yarrow.



AH no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above must share,
While Mortals with Despair explore her,
And at a Distance due adore her.
O lovely Maid, my Doubts beguile!
Revive and bless me with a Smile,
Alas if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow.*



BE hush, ye Fears. I'll not despair,
 My *Mary's* tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish;
 With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The Folks who dwell above the Sky,
 When *Mary Scot's* become my Marrow,
 We'll make a Paradise on *Yarrow*.



O'er BOGIE.

I *Will awa' wi' my Love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her Consent,
 I dinna care a Strae,
 Tho ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae. •
I will awa', &c.

FOR now she's Mistress of my Heart,
 And wordy of my Hand,
 And well I wat we shanna' part
 For Siller or for Land.

Let Rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And Beaus admire fine Lace,
 But my chief Pleasure is to blink
 On *Betty's* bonny Face.

I will awa' &c.

THERE a' the Beauties do combine,
 Of Colour, Treats and Air,
 The Saul that sparkles in her Een
 Makes her a Jewel rare ;
 Her flowing Wit gives shining Life
 To a' her other Charms,
 How blest I'll be when she's my Wife,
 And lockt up in my Arms.

I will awa', &c.

THERE blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her Sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,
 Shamefa' them that wa'd change :

A Kiss of *Betty* and a Smile,
 Abett ye wad lay down,
 The Right ye ha'e to *Britain's* Isle,
 And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will awa', &c.



O'er the Moor to MAGGY.



AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
 Her Wit and Sweetness call me,
 Then to my Fair I'll show my Mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love Mirth, I'll learn to sing,
 Or likes the Nine to follow.
 I'll lay my Lugs in *Pindus* Spring,
 And invoke *Apollo*.

If she admire a martial Mind,
 I'll sheath my Limbs in Armour ;
 If to the softer Dance inclin'd,
 With gayest Airs I'll charm her ;
 If she love Grandeur, Day and Night
 I'll plot my Nation's Glory,
 Find Favour in my Prince's Sight,
 And shine in future Story.

BEAUTY can Wonders work with Ease,
 Where Wit is corresponding,
 And bravest Men know best to please,
 With Complaisance abounding.
 My bonny *Maggy's* Love can turn
 Me to what Shape she pleases,
 If in her Breast that Flame shall burn,
 Which in my Bosom blazes.





Polwart *on the* GREEN.



A T Polwart *on the Green*
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Lasses do convene
To dance about the Thorn,
A kindly Welcome you shall meet
Frac her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad complete,
The Lad and Lover you.

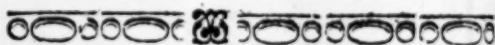


LET dorty Dames say Na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the Sna',
While inwardly they bleez;
But I will frankly shaw my Mind,
And yield my Heart to thee;
Be ever to the Captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

A T



AT *Polwart* on the Green,
 Among the new mawn Hay,
 With Sings and Dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome Day.
 At Night if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
 To take a Part of mine.



John Hay's *Bonny Lassie*.



BY smooth winding *Tay* a Swain was
 reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! Maun I still live
 pining
 My fell thus away, and darna discover
 To my bonny *Hay* that I am her Lover?



N A E mair it will hide, the Flame waxes
stranger,

If she's not my Bride, my Days are nae
langer;

Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Ven-
ture,

May be, e'er we part, my Vows may con-
tent her.



SHE'S fresh as the Spring, and sweet as
Aurora,

When Birds mount and sing, bidding Day
a Good-morrow.

The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with
Daifies,

Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of
her Graces.



BUT if she appear, where Verdures in-
vite her,

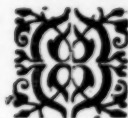
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers
smell the sweeter :

'Tis

'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a
 flowing,
 Her Smiles and bright Eye set my Spirits
 a glowing.



THE mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm
 wounded,
 Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is
 confounded:
 I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to caress ye,
 For a' my Desire is H A R's bonny Lassie.



Katha-



A

Whi

Fr

I cha

Sh

I ask

M

I sto

To

So b

In



Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
 Upon a Morning early,
 While *May's* sweet Scent did chear my
 Brain,

From Flowers which grow so rarely ;
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
 She shin'd tho' it was fogie :
 I ask'd her Name ; sweet Sir, she said,
 My Name is *Katharine Ogie.*



I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a Nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an Air there did appear
 In a Country-Maid so neatly ;

M

Such

Such natural Sweetness she display'd,
 Like a Lillie in a Bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same *Katharine Ogie*.



THOU Flower of Femals, Beauty's Queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Tho' thou art drest in Robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look
 Far excells any clownish Rogie ;
 Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord or Duke
 My charming *Katharine Ogie*.



O were I but some Shepherd-Swain,
 To feed my Flock beside thee,
 At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
 In milking to abide thee,
 I'd think my self a hapier Man,
 With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
 Than he that hugs his Thousands ten,
 Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

THEN I'd despise the Imperial Throne
 And Statesmen's dangerous Stations;
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
 I'd smile at conquering Nations;
 Might I carress, and still possess,
 This Lass of whom I'm vogie;
 For these are Toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.



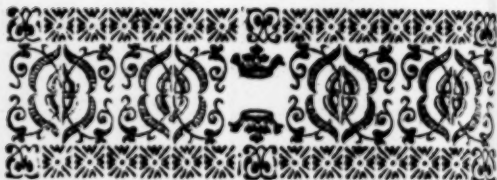
BUT I fear the Gods have not decree'd
 For me so fine a Creature,
 Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other Works in Nature.
 Clouds of Despair surround my Love,
 That are both dark and fogie.
 Pity my Case, ye Powers above,
 Else I die for *Katharine Ogie*.

X.



M z

An



Ann thou were my ain Thing.

OF Race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's Sake, Oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.

*Ann thou were my ain Thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee,
Ann thou were my ain Thing,
How dearly would I love thee!*

THE Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruine none whom they can save;
O! for their Sake support a Slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

To

To Merit I no Claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your Sake,
 What Man can name, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

My Passion, constant as the Sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
 Till Fates my Threed of Life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

X.

LIKE Bees that suck the Morning Dew,
 Frae Flowers of sweetest Scent and Hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
 And gar the Gods envy me.

Ann thou were, &c.

S A E lang's I had the Use of Light,
 I'd on thy Beauties feast my Sight,
 Syn in fast Whispers through the Night,
 I'd tell how much I lo'd thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

H o w fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a Goddess o'er the Green :
 Were I a King, thou shou'd be Queen,
 Nane but my sell aboon thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

T o grasp thee to this Breast of mine,
 Whilst thou, like Ivy or the Vine,
 Arround my stronger Limbs shou'd twine
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

T I M E's on the Wing, and will not stay,
 In thining Youth, let's make our Hay,
 Since Love admits of nae Delay,
 O let nae Scorn undo thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

W H I L E

W H I L E Love does at his Altar stand,
 Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
 And, with ilk Smile, thou shalt command
 The Will of him wha loves thee.

Ann thou were, &c.



*There's my Thumb I'll ne'er
 beguile thee.*

M Y sweetest *May*, let Love incline thee
 T' accept a Heart which he de-
 signs thee;

And, as your constant Slave, regard it,
 Syne for its Faithfulness reward it;
 'Tis Proof-a-shot to Birth or Money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
 Receive it then with a Kiss and a Smily,
 There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How



How tempting sweet these Lips of thine
are,

Thy Bosom white, and Legs sa fine are,
That when in Pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my Heart between 'em;
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a Mountain,
Tho' Kith and Kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.



ALANE through flow'ry Hows I dander,
Tenting my Flocks, lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee,
O my dear Lassie, it is but Daffin
To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin.
'That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For



For the Love of J E A N

JOCKY said to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou
do't?

Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany*, for my Tochergood,
For my Tochergood I winna marry
thee.

Eens ye like, quo' *Jonny*, ye may let it be.



I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
I ha' seven good Owsen ganging in a
Pleugh,

Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the
Lee;

And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.



I ha'a good Ha'House, a Barn and a Byer,
A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin
Fire;

I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall
we be;

And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.



Jeany said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my
fell;

Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let
me be.

7.



S O N G.



SONG.

To the Tune of, PEGGY, *I must love thee.*

BENEATH a Beech's grateful Shade,
 Young *Colin* lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a Maid,
 Without Hopes of obtaining;
 For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
 Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
 Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.



SAY, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him:

'Twas

'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this Flame,
 This Fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching Anguish.



FOR thee I leave the sportive Plain,
 Where every Maid invites me;
 For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain,
 For thee that only slights me;
 This Love that fires my faithful Heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh! wouldst thou act so good a Part,
 My Grief might soon be ended.



THAT beauteous Breast so soft to feel,
 Seem'd Tendernefs all over,
 Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing Lover.
 Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor *Colin's* Care e're move thee,
 Yet till Life's latest Breath is spent,
 My *Peggy*, I must love thee.



Genty TIBBY, *and sonfy*
NELLY.

To the Tune of *Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a Store of Charms,
Her genty Shape our Fancy warms,
How strangely can her sma white Arms
Fetter the Lad, wha looks but at her ?
Frae 'er Ankle to her slender Waste,
These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt
her,
Her rosie Check and rising Breast,
Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fou' o' Wa-
ter.



NELLY's gawsy, fast and gay,
Fresh as the lucken Flowers in *May*,
Ilk ane that sees her, cries *Ah hey !*
She's bonny, O I wonder at her !

N

The

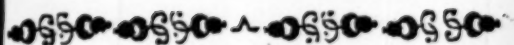
The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
 And Limbs sae plump, invite to dawt her,
 Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony Mouths beside mine water.



Now strike my Finger in a Bore,
 My Wyson with the Maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa Stars appear thegither,
 O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
 Our spacious Sauls Immense desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin Swither.



TIBBY's Shape and Airs are fine,
 And Nelly's Beauties are Divine;
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye Gods give Ear to my Petition,
 Provide a good Lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this Provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In Prospect *plano* and Fruition.



Up in the AIR.

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle, and snuff the Light :
In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to *France*,
Up in the Air
On my bonny grey Mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c.



THE Wind's drifting Hail and Sna',
O'er frozen Hags like a Foot-Ba',
Nae Starns keek through the Azure Slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony Pit.

The Man i'the Moon
Is carowling aboon,
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.

The Man, &c.

N 2

T A N E

(148)

TAKE your Glass to clear your Een,
'Tis the Elixir heals the Splen,
Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the Lover's Fire.

Up in the Air,
It drives away Care,
Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye
Lads yet,

Up in, &c.

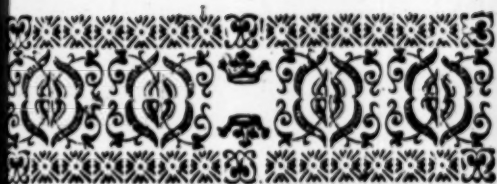


STEER the Doors, keep out the Frost,
Come, *Willie*, gi'es about ye'er Tost;
Til't Lads, and likt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythsome Bout.

Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, Huzza, and Huzza Lads yet,
Up wi't, &c.



Fy



Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

G IN ye meet a bonny Lassie,
 Gie 'er a Kiss and let her gae,
 But if ye meet a dirty Hussy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

BE sure ye dinna quat the Grip
 Of ilka Joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

SWEET Youth's a blyth and hartsome
 Time,
 Then, Lads and Lasses, while 'tis *May*,
 Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

WATCH the fast Minutes of Delyte,
 When *Fenny* speaks beneath her Breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the Wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

HAITH ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,
 And hide her self in some dark Nook.

HER Laugh will lead you to the Place,
 Where lies the Happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your Face,
 Nineteen Na-fays are haff a Grant.

NOW to her heaving Bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a Kiss,
 Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
 As Taiken of a future Bless.

THESE Bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent Grant;
 Then, surly Carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your winning Cant.

PATIE

PATIE *and* PEGGIE.

PATIE.

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye, which smiling tells
the Truth,

I guess, my Lassie, that, as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why should ye
deny.

PEGGIE.

BUT ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's
done :

The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her
Pow'r,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and
sour. .

PATIE.

BUT when they hing o'er lang upon
the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae
may ye:

Red

(152)

Red cheek'd you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd, and wou'd lang haft
Year.

P E G G I E.

THEN dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie's* Arms for good and a':
But stint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the Grace.

P A T I E.

O charming Armsfou! Hence ye Cares
away,
I'll kifs my Treasure a' the live lang Day;
A' Night I'll dream my Kiffes o'er again,
Till that Day comethat ye'll be a' my ain.

C H O R U S.

*Sun, gallop down the Westlin Skyes,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise,
O lash ye'r Steeds, pass Time away,
And haste about our Bridel Day;
And if ye're weary'd, honest Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.*

The

The Mill, Mill, ----O.

BENEATH a green Shade I fand a fair
Maid

Was sleeping sound and still --- O,
A'lowan wi' Love my Fancy did rove,
Around her with good Will --- O,
Her Bosom I press'd, but sunk in her Rest;
She stir'dna my Joy to spill --- O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill --- O.



OBLIG'D by Command in *Flanders* to
land,

T'employ my Courage and Skill --- O ;
Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa',
For Wind blew fair on the Bill --- O.
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud
fraising Fame

Tald me with a Voice right shill --- O,
My Lafs like a Fool had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha'd done her the Ill --- O.

MAIR

MAIR fond of her Charms, with my Son
in her Arms,

I ferlyng speer'd how she fell --- O;
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, Let
me die,

Sweet Sir, gin I can tell --- O.
Love gave the Command, I took her by
the Hand,

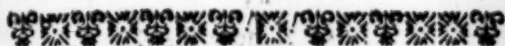
And bade her a' Fears expell --- O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Mán
Wha had done her the Deed my sell --- O.



MY bonny sweet Lads on the gowany
Grass,

Beneath the *Shilling-bill* --- O,
If I did Offence, I'll make ye Amends
Before I leave *Peggy's-Mill* --- O.
O the Mill, Mill --- O, and the Kill, Kill --- O,
And the cogging of the Wheel --- O;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye maun
leave,

And round with a Sodger reel --- O.
Colin



Colin and Grisy parting.

To the Tune of, *Woe's my Heart that we
should sunder.*

WITH broken Words and down-cast
Eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his Passion tender;
And parting with his Grisy, cries,
Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

CHAIN'D to thy Charms I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
Nor Time nor Place shall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

THE

(156)

THE Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beanties which invites our Wonder;
Thy lively Wit and Prudence rare
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

DEAR Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we sunder.

YE Gods, take Care of my dear Lads,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that blest Time shall come to pass
We'll meet again and never sunder.





The Gaberlunzie-man.

THE pauky auld Carle came o'er the Lee
 Wi' many good E'ens and Days to me,
 saying, Goodwife, for your Courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor Man.
 The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,
 And down ayont the Ingle he sat;
 My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang;



O wow, quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this Country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be?

And I wad never think lang.

He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld Minny ken
 What thir flee twa togither were say'n,
 When wooing they were sa thrang.

AND O, quo' he, ann ye were as black,
 As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
 And awa wi' me thou shou'd gang.

And O, quoth she, ann I were as white,
 As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and Lady-like,
 And awa with thee I'd gang.



BETWEEN the twa was made a Plot;
 They raise a wee before the Cock,
 And wyliely they shot the Lock,
 And fast to the Bent are they gane.

Up the Morn the auld Wife raise,
 And at her Leasure pat on her Claife,
 Syne to the Servants Bed she gaes
 To speer for the silly poor Man.



SHE gaed to the Bed, where the Beggar lay,
 The Strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
 For some of our Gear will be gane.

Some

Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,
 Bnt nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 Shedanc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leel poor Man.



SINCE naithing's awa, as we can learn,
 The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
 Gae butt the House, Lass, & waken my Bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.

The Servant gade where the Daughter lay
 The Sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her Goodwife can say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.



O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And hast ye find these Traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain
 The wearyfou Gaberlunzie man.

Some rode upo' Horse, some ran a fit,
 The Wife was wood, and out o'er Wit;
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

MEAN Time far hind out o'er the Lee,
 Fou snug in a Glen where nane cou'd see,
 The twa with kindly Sport and Glee,
 Cut frae a new Cheese a Whang.

The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his Aith.
 Quo' she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.



O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
 Illfardly wad she crook her Mou,
 Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,
 Afer the Gaberlunzie-man.

My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na learn'd the Beggars Tongue,
 To follow me frae Town to Town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.



Wi' Kauk and Keel, I'll win your Bread,
 And Spindles & Whorles for them wha need'
 Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed
 To carry the Gaberlunzie-...o.

I'll bow my Leg and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Cripple or Blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

I.



The C O R D I A L.

To the Tune of, *Where shall our Good-*
man ly.

H E.

W HERE wad bonny *Ann* ly,
Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
Wad ye a Good-man try?
Is that the Thing ye're laking?

S H E.

CAN a Lass sae young as I,
Venture on the Bridal Tye,
Synce down with a Good-man ly?
I'm fleed he keep me waking.

O 3

NEVER

H E.

NEVER judge until ye try,
Mak me your Goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
...And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

WHAT if I shou'd waking ly
When the Hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

H E.

IN my Bosom thou shall ly,
When thou wakrife art or dry,
Healthy Cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your Will I then comply,
Join us, Priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a Goodman ly,
Wha can a Cordial give me.



Ew Boughts Marion.



WILL ye go to the *Ew Boughts, Marion,*
 And wear in the Sheep wi' me;
 The Sun shines sweet, my *Marion*;
 But nae haf sae sweet as thee.

O *Marion's* a bony Lass,
 And the Blyth blinks in her Eye,
 And fain wad I marry *Marion,*
 Gin *Marion* wad marry me.



THERE'S Gowd in your Garters, *Marion,*
 And Silk on your white Haus-bane:
 Fou fain wad I kiss my *Marion*
 At F'en when I come hame.

There's braw Lads in *Earnslaw, Marion,*
 Wha gape, and glowr with their Eye,
 At Kirk when they see my *Marion*;
 But nane of them loes like me.

I'VE nine Milk Ews, my *Marion*,
 A Cow, and a brawny Quey,
 I'll gi' them a' to my *Marion*,
 Just on her Bridal Day;
 And ye's get a green Sey Apron,
 And Waistcoat o' the *London Brown*,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 When e'r ye gang to the Town.



I'm young and stout, my *Marion*,
 Nane dances like me on the Green,
 And gin ye forsake me, *Marion*,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean*;
Sae put on your Pearlings, *Marion*,
 And Cyrtle o' the Cramasie :
 And soon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
 I shall come west and see ye.





The blythsome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
 For there will be Lirting there;
 For *Jocky's* to be married to *Maggie*,
 The Lafs we' the Gowden Hair.
 And there will be Lang-kail and Pottage
 And Bannocks of Barley-meal;
 And there will be good sawt Herring,
 To relish a Cog of good Ale.
Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.



AND there will be *Sandy* the Sutor,
 And *Will* wi' the meikle Mou;
 And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,
 With *Andrew* the Tinkler, I trow;
 And there will be bow'd legged *Robbie*,
 With thumblefs *Katie's* Goodman;
 And there will be blew cheeked *Dowbie*,
 And *Lazurie* the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us, &c.

A N E

And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*
 And plucky-fac't *Wat* i' the Mill,
 Capper nos'd *Francie*, and *Gibbie*,
 That wins in the How of the Hill ;
 And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,
 Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
 Th: Lafs that stands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &c.



AND *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
 And cost him gray Brecks to his Arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great Mercy it hap'ned nae warfe ;
 And there will be glee'd *Geordy Fanners*.
 And *Kirsh* with the Lilly whi e Leg,
 Wha gade to the South for Manners
 And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-Meg*.
Fy let us, &c.



AND there will be *Juden Mcflowrie*,
 And blinkin daft *Barbara Mcleg*,
 Wi' Flea-lugged, shanny fac't *Laurie*,
 And shangy mou'd halucket *Meg* ;

And

And there will be Happer-ars'd Nanſie,
 And fairy-fact Flowrie by Name,
 Muck Madie, and fat hippit Griſy,
 The Laſs wi' the Gowden Wame.
Fy let us, &c.



AND there will be Girn-again-Gibby,
 With his glakit Wife Jenny Bell,
 And Miſſe-shin'd Mungo M'capie,
 The Lad that was Skipper himſel.
 There Lads and Laſſes in Pearlings
 Will feaſt in the Heart of the Ha
 On Sybows, and Riſarts, and Carlings
 That are baith ſodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.



AND there will be Fadgeſ and Brachen;
 With Fouth of good Gabbocks of Skate,
 Powſowdie, and Drammock and Crowdie,
 And caller Nowt-feet in a Plate ;
 And there will be Partans and Buckies,
 And Whytens and Speldings enew,
 With ſinged Sheep-heads, and a Haggies;
 And Scadlips to ſup till ye ſpew.
Fy let us, &c.

AND



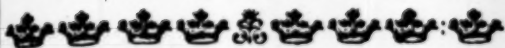
AND there will be lapper'd Milk Kebbucks,
 And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
 With Swats, and well scraped Paunches,
 And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps;
 And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks
 With Skink to sup till ye rive,
 And Roasts to roast on a Brander,
 Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.



SCRAPT Haddocks, Wilks, Dulse and Tangle,
 And a Mill of good Snifhing to prie;
 When weary with Eating and Drinking,
 Well rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be Lilting there,
For Jockys to be married to Maggie,
The Lafs wi' the gowden Hair.

Z.





The Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland Lads think they are fine,
But O they'r vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that gracefu' Mein,
And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie?
*O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
My handsome charming Highland Laddie:
May Heaven still guard, and Love reward
Our Lawland Lads and her Highland Laddie.*



IF I were free at Will to chuse
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blew and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.



THE brawest Beau in Borrow's-Town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'ER benty Hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady;
 Frae Winter's Cauld and Summer's Sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.



A painted Room and Silken Bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;
 But I can kiss and be as glad
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.



Few Compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland Lass;
 Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny &c.



Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland
 Laddie.
O my bonny &c.

Allen



ALLAN-WATER.

Or, *My Love* Annie's very bonny.

WHAT Numbers shall the Muse repete?
What Verse be found to praise
my *Annie*?

On her ten thousand Graces wait,
Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trode the happy Plain,
She set each youthful Heart on Fire,
Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
That *Annie* kindles new Desire.



THIS lovely Darling dearest Care;
This new Delight, this charming *Annie*,
Like Summer's Dawn, she's fresh and fair,
When *Flora*'s fragrant Breezes fan ye.
All Day the am'rous Youths conven,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All Night, when she no more is seen,
In bleisful Dreams they still adore her.



AMONG the Crowd *Amyntor* came,
 He look'd, he loov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
 His rising Sighs express his Flame,
 His Words were few, his Wishes many.
 With Smiles the lovely Maid replied,
 Kind Shepherd why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your Love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.



YOUNG *Damon* came, with *Cupid's* Art,
 His Whiles, his Smiles, his Charms be-
 guiling,
 He stole away my Virgin-Heart,
 Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter Beauty you may find,
 On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many,
 Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

C.





The Collier's bonny Lassie.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny,
 A Laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in Land and Money;
 The Tutors watch'd the Motion
 Of this young honest Lover,
 But Love is like the Ocean:
 Wha can its Depth discover?



HE had the Art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected;
 His Airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The Collier's bonny Lassie
 Fair as the new blown Lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the Heart of Willy.

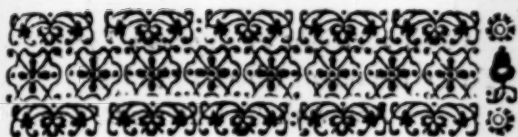
H E lov'd beyond Expression,
 The Charms that were about her,
 And panted for Possession,
 His Life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Closs to his Breast he held her,
 In fastest Flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her.



M Y bonny Collier's Daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty Tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye;
 For I have Gear in Plenty,
 And Love says, 'tis my Duty
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,
 Upon your Wit and Beauty.



Where



Where H E L E N lies.

TO——in Mourning,

☼
AH why those Tears in *Nellie's* Eyes,
To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
The Gods stand list'ning from the Skies
Pleas'd with thy Piety.

To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a Care,
Who views thee as an Angel fair,
Or some Divinity.

☼
O be less graceful or more kind,
And cool this Fever of my Mind,
Caused by the Boy severe and blind,
Wounded I sigh for thee ;
P 4 While

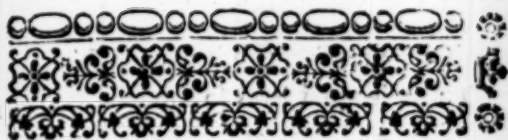
While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a Height by *Hymen's* Tyes,
 To lay me down where *Helen* lyes
 And with thy Charms be free.



THEN must I hide my Love and die,
 When such a sovereign Cure is by?
 No, she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate're my Fate may be,
 Which soon I'll read in her bright Eyes,
 With those dear Agents I'll advise, (Lies,
 They tell the Truth, when Tongues tell
 The least believ'd by me.



CON-



S O N G

To the Tune of *Gallowshiels.*



AH the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd
to languish,

To bear the scornful fair one's Hate,
Nor dare disclose his Anguish.

Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
My secret Soul discovers,

While Rapture trembling thro' my Eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender Glance, the redning Cheek,
O'erspread with rising Blushes,

A thousand various Ways they speak
A thousand various Wishes.

For



For Oh! that Form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless Blush and modest Air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every Look, and every Grace,
 So charm when e'er I view thee,
 Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace,
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee;
 Then when my tedious Hours are past,
 Be this last Blessing given,
 Low at thy Foot to breath my last,
 And die in Sight of Heaven.

By Wm. Hamilton of Bangour.



CON-



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&c. are new Words by different Hands,
X, the Authors unknown; Z, old Songs;
Q, old Songs with Additions.*

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